

Awake, My Soul

deals with lords and warriors. In short, a sadder bunch of geeks and losers you will not find outside of your local science-fiction convention. And yet you can't turn away from their tragicomic stories. (1 hour, 33 minutes. Saturday, 9/23, 7 p.m., at the Carver Theatre. Preceded by the 9-minute short *Zombie-American*.)

Awake, My Soul: The Story Of The Sacred Harp

Directors Matt and Erica Hinton apparently hired an excellent sound editor for this film about Sacred Harp singers in Georgia and Alabama; the richness and power of the singing comes through in full effect. This four-note a cappella music has no gentle harmonies or sentimental lyrics; rather, Sacred Harp provides a haunting, stirring sound that feels like a force of nature. The film is slightly flawed by some dumbed-down, didactic narration from country singer Jim Lauderdale, as though the filmmakers wish to ensure that seventh graders in the audience understand what transpires. When the subjects of this documentary are speaking to the camera, however, an important cultural element is clearly being captured through spontaneity. As for the singing, well, it gets even better and more powerful toward the end. (1 hour, 15 minutes. Sunday, 9/24, 3 p.m., at the Harbert Center.) (See Sacred Harp article, page 12.)

The Trials Of Darryl Hunt

Ricki Stern and Annie Sundberg's devastating documentary about a man wrongly accused of rape and murder seems at first to belabor its subject; it

just goes on and on and on. But then, that's the point, and you really won't believe the lengths that the state of North Carolina goes to in ensuring that a grievous error is never corrected. But staying power is what Darryl Hunt was obviously blessed with. He loses twenty years of his life to a constant struggle for justice. His basic decency, most evident during his address to the court in his final trial, will break your heart. The story will destroy anyone's faith in the criminal justice system, but it should restore a belief in the power of community and friendship. It probably won't do much for the Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce, though. (1 hour, 46 minutes. Saturday, 9/23, 4:15 p.m., at the Harbert Center. Three subjects of the film, Darryl Hunt, Mark Rabil, and Larry Little, will attend a panel discussion in the Harbert Center 6:30 p.m.-8 p.m. The panel is free to the public.)

loudQUIETloud

If you like The Pixies, you probably should see *loudQUIETloud*, a cinema verité documentary that follows America's greatest indie band during their 2004 reunion tour. If you are a devoted fan of the group, you cannot *not* see this very revealing film. Actually, it's not so much revealing as confirming, and what is confirmed is that The Pixies have never—and probably never will—reveal much about themselves. That's not to suggest that the four members are secretive or coy, it's just that, as bass player Kim Deal's twin sister Kelly phrases it, "You guys are the worst communicators *EVER!*"

Thankfully, directors Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin provide a gen-

Danielson: A Family Movie

erous sampling of live performances by the band, and someone was smart enough to focus on The Pixies' very best songs in the bargain. Yet the most intriguing aspect of this straightforward documentary is how it so casually captures the dysfunctional dynamics of a group that was destined to break up. At first, the band is delighted to be back together—the first two shows are pure joy. But as the tour stretches into weeks, old patterns of behavior emerge. The opening scene foreshadows all of that, really. When an *NME* reporter asks Frank Black if "there were tensions in the room" when the band first planned the reunion tour, Black replies, "Absolutely. I feel like we never broke up."

Please note that *Black & White* is presenting *loudQUIETloud* at a special free screening on Saturday, September 23, at the Alabama Theatre. Admission is free for both the public and Sidewalk attendees, so arrive early for good seats. That shouldn't be difficult; in the tradition of all great midnight movies, the film starts at 11:30 p.m. (1 hour, 25 minutes.)

The Big Bad Swim

The phrase "ensemble comedy-drama" can scare off viewers who might be thinking Penny Marshall or Ron Howard. But those who recall the charming, small-scale films of Scotland's Bill Forsyth (*Comfort and Joy*, *Local Hero*) should appreciate *The Big Bad Swim*, Ishai Setton's feature-length debut. This is a distinctly American story concerning a depressed swimming coach saddled with training a group of adults—many of whom haven't been near

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